

SEPTEMBER  
No. 78

# SICK

MAC

35¢



**RULES OF ETIQUETTE**  
from the  
**ABBIE HOFFMAN**  
**CHARM SCHOOL**

**POPPA IS MAFIA...**  
...if he goes to more than  
twelve funerals a year!

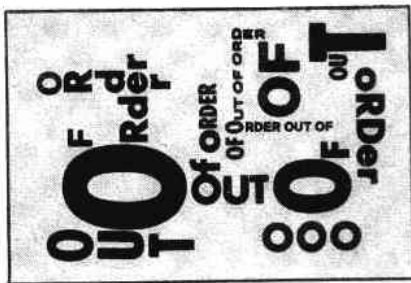
**BLOODY MOMMY**  
She was ashamed to beg, so she  
robbed and killed for a living!

**Order**

**OUT**

**of ORDER**

**SIGN  
OF THE  
TIMES**

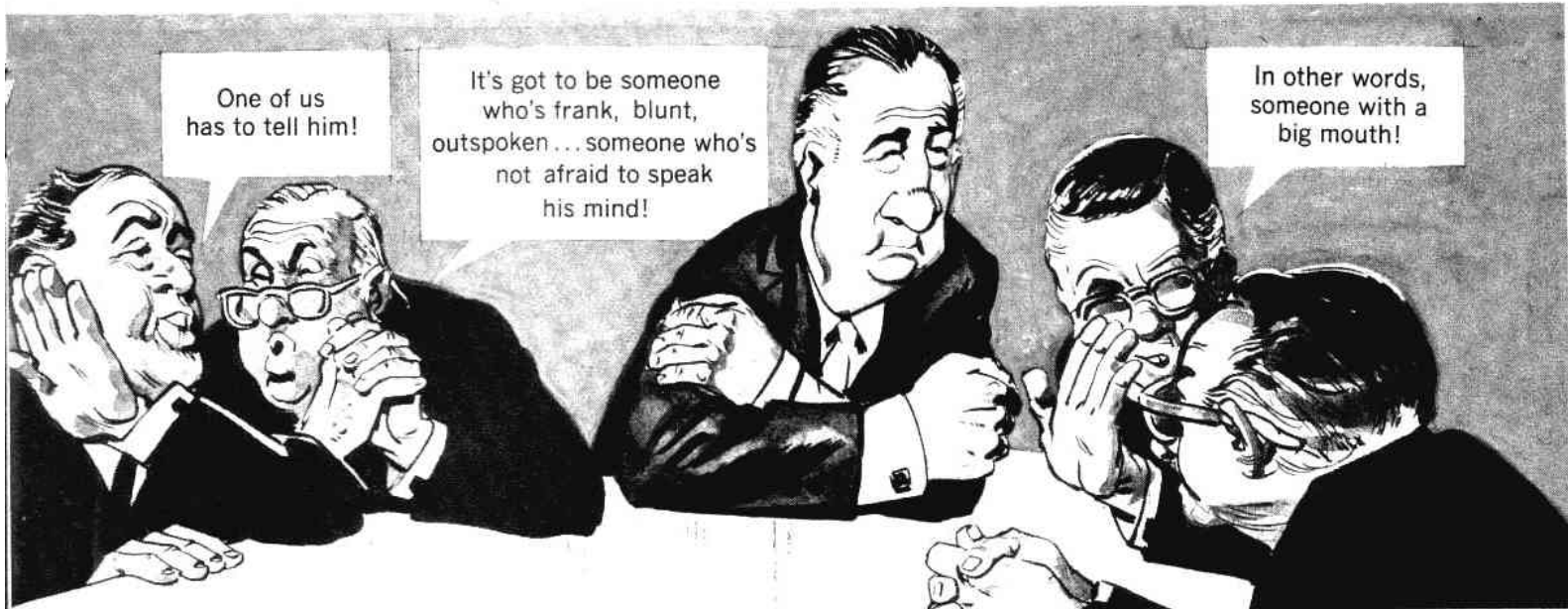


# SICK

No. 78

September, 1970 Volume 10, Number 6

## THE TV COMMERCIAL WE'D LIKE TO SEE



One of us  
has to tell him!

It's got to be someone  
who's frank, blunt,  
outspoken... someone who's  
not afraid to speak  
his mind!

In other words,  
someone with a  
big mouth!

Later...



Boss, I hate to tell you this,  
but you have —



Spiro, I've discovered  
a wonderful new  
mouth wash!

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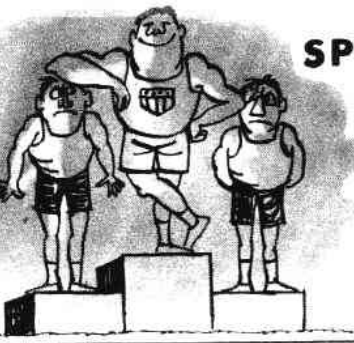
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## SPORTS

Everything is changing these days. The sports world ought to feel the impact of change, too. For instance, instead of the discus

# VERBAL



Riding for a Fall



Jumping to Conclusions



Dodging the Issue



Running up Bills



Wrestling with a Problem



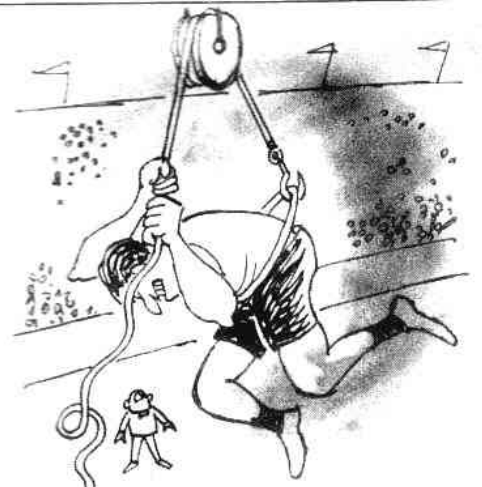
Tossing a Fit



Hitting the Bottle



Jogging your Memory



Pulling your Weight

throw and the 100-yard dash, there would be the following events  
in the new modern **OLYMPIC GAMES**, called—

Art by Al Kaufman

Script by William Garvin

# GYMNASTICS



Skating on Thin Ice



Vaulting to Success



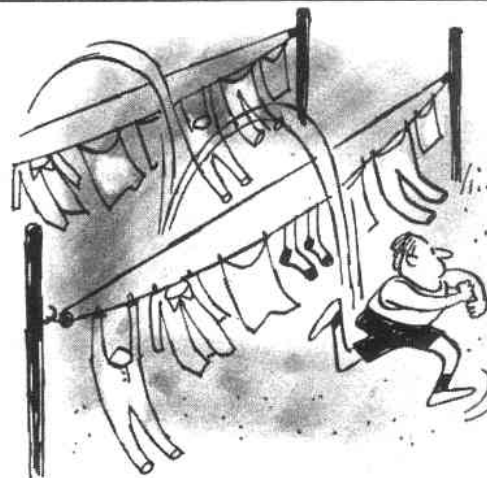
Hopping on the Bandwagon



Throwing the Bull



Flying Off the Handle



Dashing Off a Line or Two



Kicking up a Rumpus



Aiming for Perfection



Shooting off your Mouth



I read your future edition of the Dilly News with amazement that you should know what is happening in 1980. You see, I too am living in the future and have just recently passed through this period which you covered in this magnificent article. If you do another future newspaper, I should like to be your correspondent. That means reporter, in newspaper parlance.

Mark Hellingboro  
New York

*Ed: What does "parlance" mean?*

In your article, "The Dilly News," how come Mayor Lindsay looked so young while Spiro Agnew looked so old and ugly. Also, Mr. Agnew seems to have gained weight. What I want



to know is how you figured that in 1980 Lindsay would be slim and Agnew would be fat.

Jeremy Backoli  
Brooklyn

*Ed: We figured Agnew would eat more than Lindsay.*

You know what bugged me about the "Dilly News" piece? You ran it sideways, that's what. Now I didn't complain when you ran some of those

magazine parodies upside down in past issues, but it's getting so I don't know which way to read your magazine.

Teddy Hauser  
New York

*Ed: Try standing on your heads.*

I need your help badly. In your May issue you printed a poem, "Hiawatha On Alcatraz". Well, I copied it and read it to my kid brother. He, without my knowledge, told my mother and pretty soon everybody knew about it, even my uncles and aunts. This all happened before I could stop it and now my father wants me to type it and he's going to read it to the people he works with, even his boss. And my mother wants me to send it to a magazine and have it published. So will you please give me permission to call "Hiawatha On Alcatraz" my own work?

M.K.  
Trenton, N.J.

*Ed: We'd like to talk to you in the cloak room. M.K.*

Girls don't seem to like me. They say I'm too forward. Does it really work to play hard-to-get?

PUSHY

*Ed: Definitely. You're hardly ever gotten.*

What do you dumb ding-a-lings think you're trying to do, printing a mag not only undermining the youth of today but also demoralizing all things humane and significant. You really should reform and print the works of Shakespeare and recommend the compositions of Bach. Now

any half-crazed moron would like you, but me, I don't have to be a circle-O like Wild Man Fisher to see 'cause I know, I know!

Rick Stann  
Ann Arbor, Mich.

*Ed: Sometimes we get the feeling that we're losing touch with our audience.*

I have recently read one of the letters in your August issue written by your "Hippie at Heart" Helen Perry, from Palestine, Texas. I was very disgusted. Our version of a hippie is a "Puny, Panga, Purple-Pinkish, Pimple, Prowling, Party-Pooping, Publicity punk." Now let's see you top that one. No offense, just fact.

The Geritol For Lunch Bunch  
Big Spring, Texas

It is unfortunate enough that a whole generation has grown up thinking, thanks to Hugh Hefner, that beautiful women have staples in their



navels. But now, is a whole new generation to grow up envisioning Abbie Hoffman with a staple through his nose? The country doesn't smell *that* bad. Your magazine, on the other hand, does.

Marvin Wasserman  
Newark, New Jersey

*Ed: Compared to Playboy's hang-up, ours looks mild.*

I am really happy about the En-SICKlopedia. Please send me one (1) copy in the mail. I prefer a plain, unmarked brown wrapper (they're watch-

ing me, I just know they are). Check enclosed. I am over 21.

Bobby Slitzer  
Salt Lake City

*Ed: Thanks for the check. You'll soon receive a plain brown wrapper in the mail. It's empty, so you can use it to hide in. As for the EnSICKlopedia, it's on the presses right now.*

Your excellent cover made me realize how much Spiro Agnew looks like George Washington, without the hair. Washington had wooden false teeth; I wonder if Agnew does. No wooden head should be without them.



No marionette should be without them either. Now I'm sure what that tongue-tied mouthpiece really has: termites.

Suzy Washer  
Needles, Calif.

*Ed: Good observation. We're waiting for the string to break.*

Did you know "spiro" is really Greek for "pimple"?

John Milton  
Paradise, New York

*Ed: Beware of Greeks bearing pimples.*

Everyone thinks I'm a boy because my hair is so short. My brother's hair is so long everyone thinks he's a girl. My old man's so bald they think he's a pole, and my mother has fifteen wigs because she's so bored with her head. Isn't this hair business *sick*? Why is hair all people have on their minds?

Mary Grotowski  
Waco, Texas

*Ed: Maybe because it's all people have on their heads.*

If there's anything *more* depressing than the film "They Shoot Horses, Don't They" it is your parody of it. In fact, if there is anything sicker than America right now it is your

comments on it. I can't tell the difference between the news and your take-off on it. Neither is very funny.

Bernice Kaola  
Portland, Washington

*Ed: The government has been stealing our script-writers for years. We think it's a riot.*

Since I've been in jail I miss my favorite food—strawberries. Why won't the warden serve me strawberries?

Red

*Ed: He's not serving you strawberries because he's afraid you'll break out.*

None of those cornball strawberry jokes when you answer my question or you'll get yours when I get out. My wife plans to bake me a cake with a file in it. Any good recipes available?

Murderous

*Ed: I know your wife and she's a rotten cook. Tell her to bring you a saw so you can cut the cake and get that file out.*

After reading the parody of "Room 222" in the big name magazine I read yours, expecting to be let down, but do you know what? Yours was a mile better and funnier. Yours had fresh jokes while theirs was loaded with stale ones. Other great articles were



"The Dilly News" and (Wow! What art work!) "They Shoot Horseflies, Don't They". Aside from that, and "EnSICKlopedia", your magazine stunk.

Reg Andersen  
Minneapolis

*Ed: Just when we were beginning to like you, Reg.*

## TELEVISION HIGHLIGHTS

9:30 Thursday—

### DRAGNET

Friday buys some overdue toilet paper and Gannon brags about his last romance while serving on the Vice Squad.

11:00 Friday—

### IRONSIDE

While vacationing on the beach, Robert Ironside gets his wheel chair stuck in the sand, and the tide takes him bye-bye.

7:00 Saturday—

### WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY JR.

Discussion topic for tonight: Mr. Buckley debates with a master of articulation and enunciation, Guest—Donald Duck

7:30 Saturday—

### GUNSMOKE

Festus gets a toothache and Matt catches Doc making out with Kitty while paying a house call.

9:00 Saturday—

### MAYBERRY R.F.D.

Goober reads a further comic book adventure of "Superman meets Cat Woman", and Sam gets Aunt Bee in trouble. (Don't miss the wedding).

8:30 Sunday—

### DORIS DAY

Buck slops the pigs. Doris elopes with a stranger.

9:00 Monday—

### LAND OF THE GIANTS

We last left our stranded travelers under the heel of Clyde the Giant.

9:30 Tuesday—

### THEN CAME BRONSON

Bronson gets a flat tire, and sings "All The Little Children".

10:00 Wednesday—

### FLYING NUN

The Flying Nun runs into bad weather and is forced to make a landing atop a Jewish Synagogue.

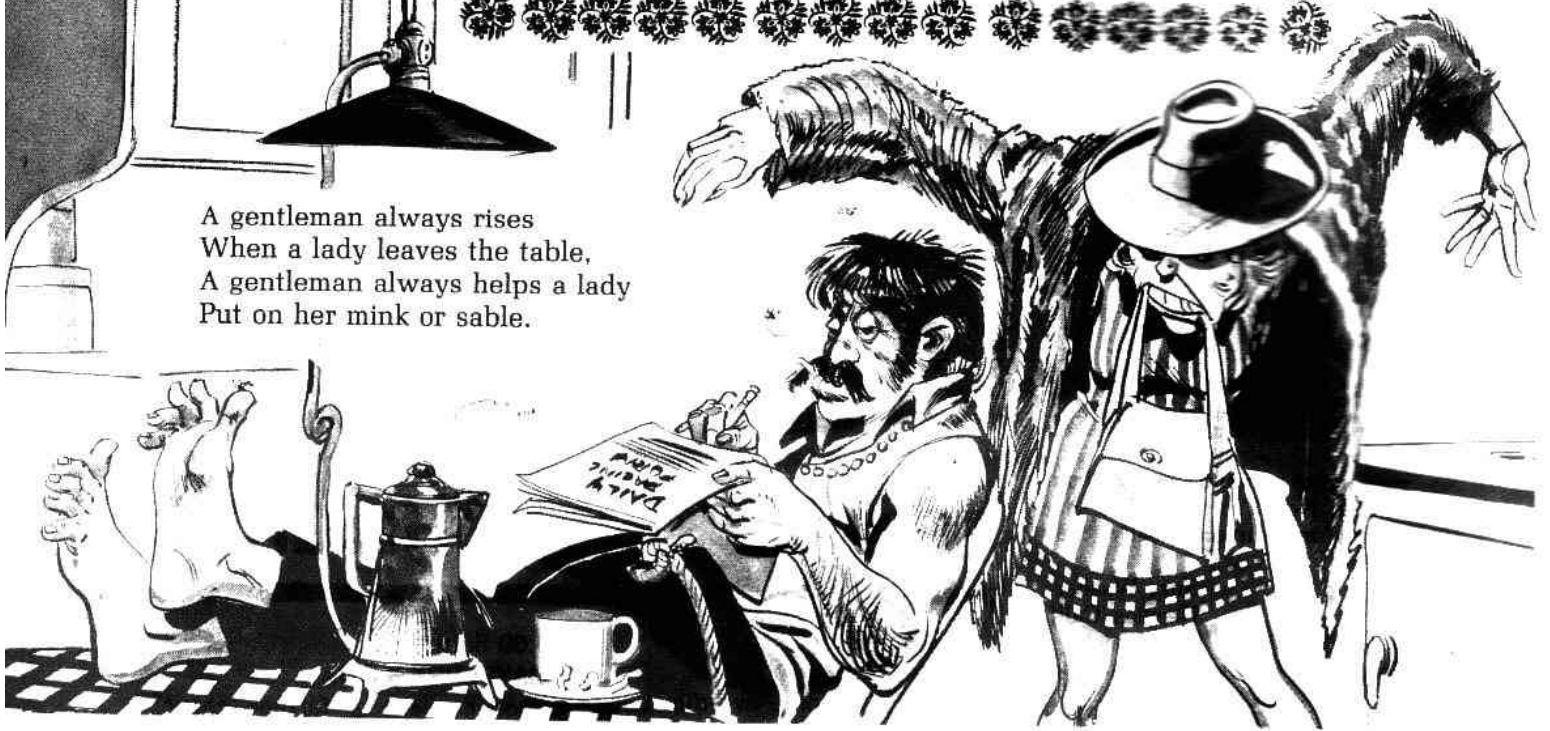
POETRY

By Rowena Cox

Art by Jack Sparling

# A Gentleman Is...

A gentleman always rises  
When a lady leaves the table,  
A gentleman always helps a lady  
Put on her mink or sable.



A gentleman always tips his hat  
When a lady passes by,  
And when a lady refuses a date,  
A gentleman never asks why.



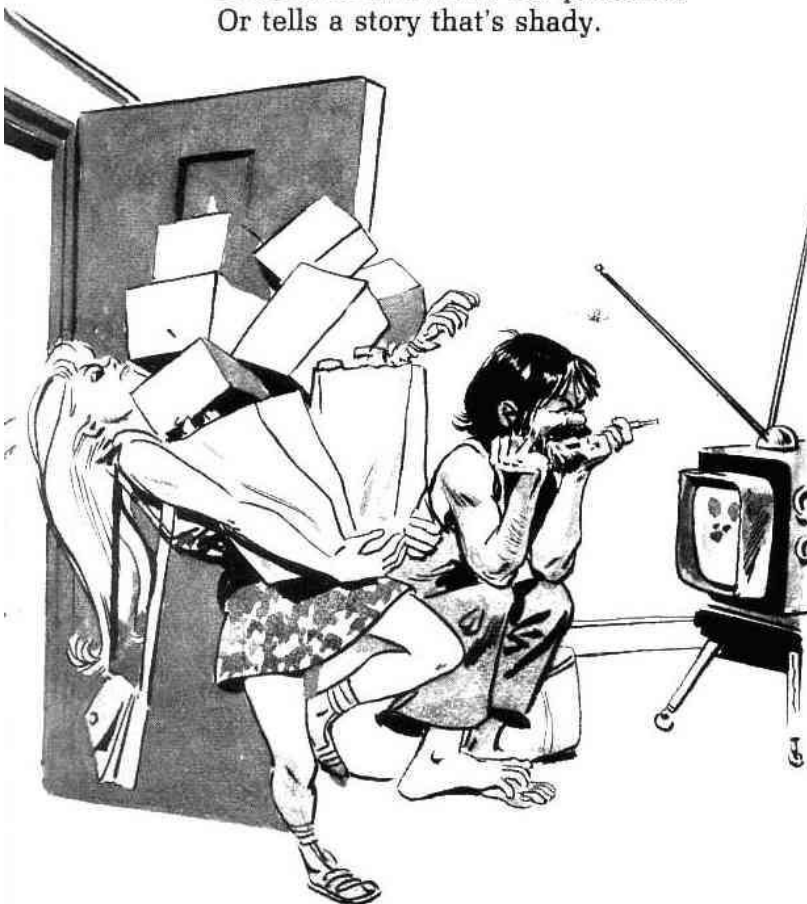
A gentleman always opens the door  
For a lady to walk through,  
Holds her chair when she's sitting down,  
And lights her cigarette, too.



A gentleman stays on the curbside  
When strolling along with a lady  
And never swears in her presence  
Or tells a story that's shady.



A gentleman rushes around the car  
To open the door for her  
And defends the lady's honor from cads  
Who speak an offensive slur.



A gentleman carries the bundles  
Whenever a lady shops,  
And when a lady enters a room,  
Up a gentleman pops.



A gentleman always praises  
A lady's brilliance and beauty  
And says that whatever he does for her  
Is a pleasure, not a duty.



A gentleman always orders  
For a lady in cafes  
And OF COURSE whenever  
the check comes,  
A gentleman always pays.



A gentleman often buys her gifts  
And calls her on the phone,  
And a gentleman never mentions  
Other ladies he has known.



A gentleman waits for a lady  
To get ready for a date  
And never, ever mentions  
That she's over two hours late.



A gentleman is a gentleman  
The etiquette books all say—  
Then why is it that so seldom  
Men act that way today?!

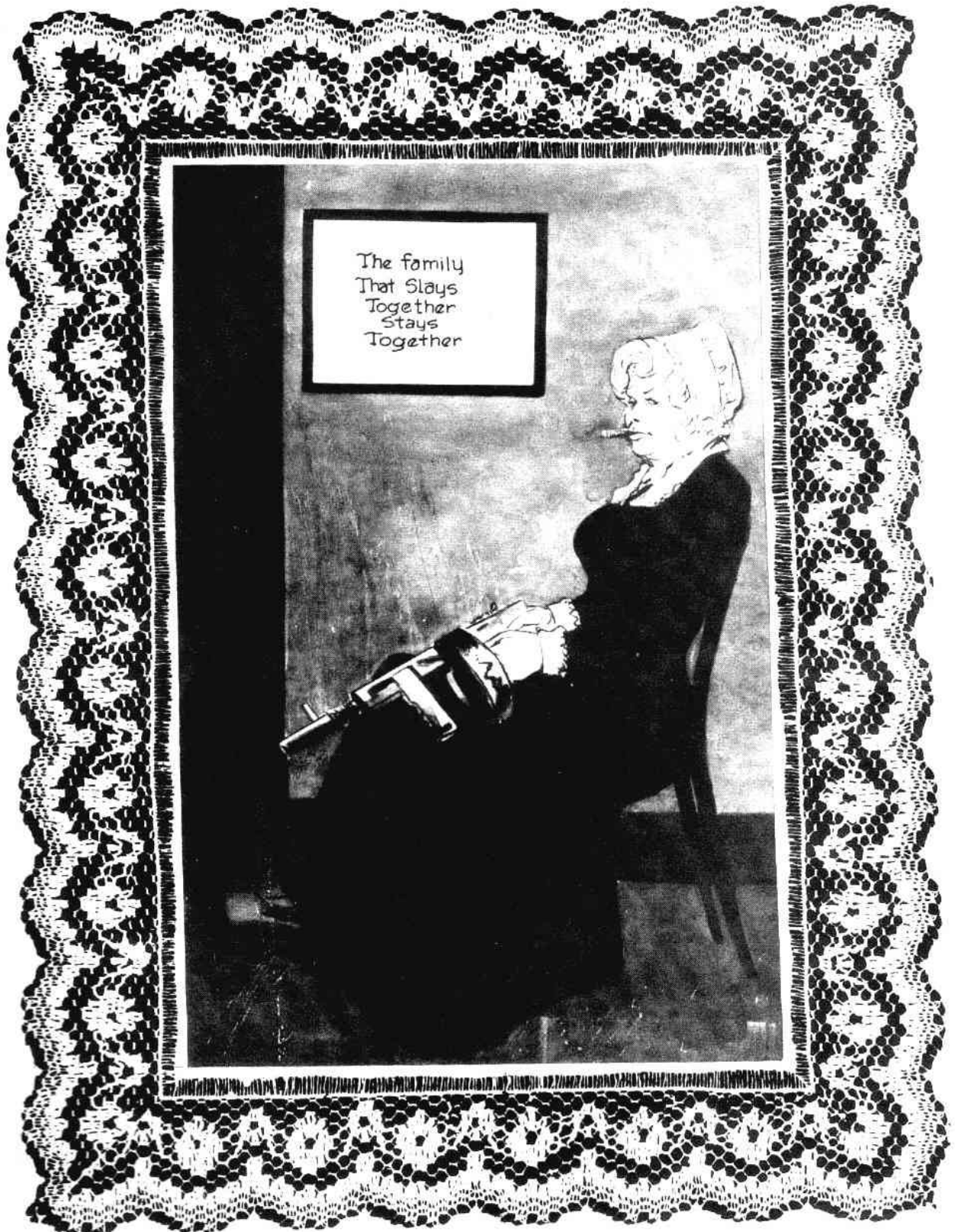


The reason is very simple—  
Real gentlemen are seldom seen  
Because these days real ladies  
Are so few and far between!

## MOVIES

# *Bloody Mommy*

The story of Ma Barker and her boys, who are just like the boys next door... if you happen to live next door to the House of Corrections, that is. Ma's boys have broken out of jail so often, the Warden leaves the key under the mat...



Shelley Winters plays the part of Ma Barker, who celebrates Mother's Day by knocking off father! She is constantly accompanied by her four Neanderthal sons, who louse up Darwin's theory by proving beyond a doubt that apes came from man!





The population is six now, ma, I brung home a girl.

A girl? What are you gonna do with a girl?

I don't rightly know, ma—she didn't come with a set of instructions.



What do you need a girl for? You're still mama's baby. Besides, you've already got a teddy-bear.



But, ma, I'm thirty-one years old. Don't you think it's time I had dates?



Didn't I promise you I'd let you have a girl as soon as you graduated?



Yeah, I know, ma—but that Kindergarten is no cinch!



Well, enough of this family chit-chat, let's get down to business. On this next caper, we're gonna finally make a name for ourselves. I'm tired of Bonny and Clyde getting all the headlines.

It's time to take off the kid gloves and show them who's really Public Enemy Number One. So, when we knock off a bank this time, we're gonna shoot, stab, beat, maim and kill everyone in sight. And if anyone gets in the way, we'll rip his arms out by the sockets!



Hot damn, mama!

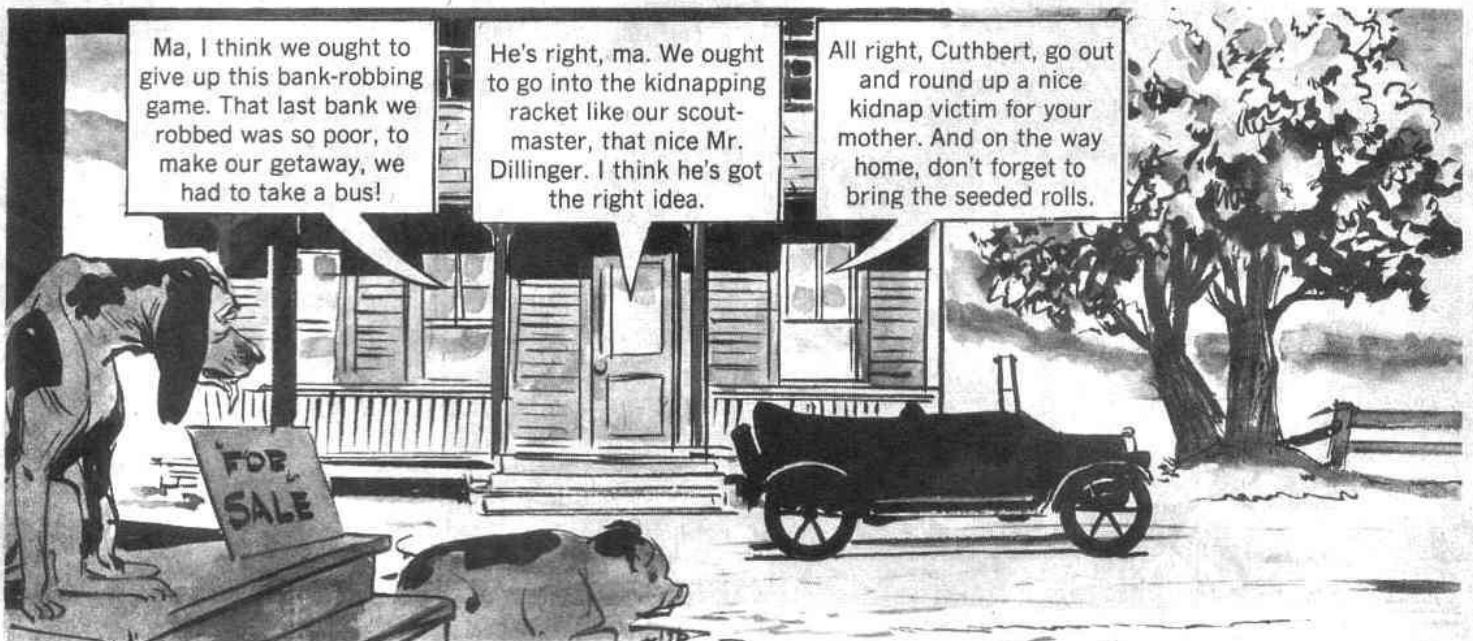


Watch your language! I won't have my boys brought up like bums! What would the neighbors say?

But we killed all the neighbors, ma!



Oh, yeah, I forget.



Ma, I think we ought to give up this bank-robbing game. That last bank we robbed was so poor, to make our getaway, we had to take a bus!

He's right, ma. We ought to go into the kidnapping racket like our scout-master, that nice Mr. Dillinger. I think he's got the right idea.

All right, Cuthbert, go out and round up a nice kidnap victim for your mother. And on the way home, don't forget to bring the seeded rolls.

After killing time, and a few inquisitive people who happened to drop by, Cuthbert returns.



Lookie, ma, I found this kid on the outskirts of Albany.

I think he must be worth a cool million—he was wearing shoes!





What for did you do that, ma?

You forgot to bring home the rolls!



Speaking of rolls, I think we all better roll out of here to a new hideout. I got a feeling the law is closing in.

What makes you say that, son?



Just the other day, a guy came to the door trying to sell us a 'Hoover' vacuum cleaner.

What's so strange about that?

A 'J. Edgar Hoover'?



All right, we'll pack the Thompson sub-machine gun, the sawed-off shotgun, a few assorted forty-fives, and some of the other household utensils and clear out of here.



After speeding through an intersection, which was located in the living room of the local police chief, the Barkers are on their way to a new hideout.

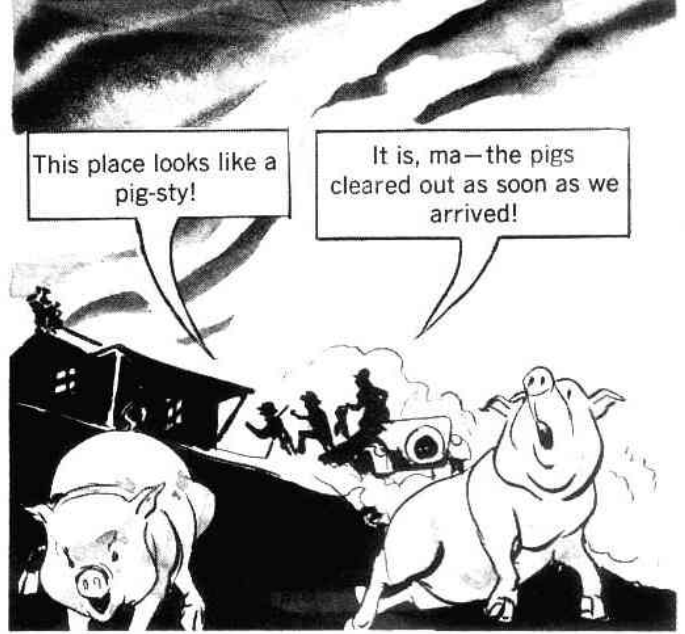
Ma, are you sure Warren Beatty started this way?

Good boy, Cuthbert, you got one of them! Percy, you got his partner! Cyril, you got the one on the right! Egbert, you got the one on the left! And I got the last one! There, I hope that teaches you all a lesson.



What's that, ma?

The family that blasts together, lasts together! Now, let's pull into that hideout.



This place looks like a pig-sty!

It is, ma—the pigs cleared out as soon as we arrived!



Well, let's get on with this kidnap business. What's the first thing we do?

We cash this check for a million bucks, that we got from little Nelson.

You mean you let that Rockefeller kid go?

Yeah, but first we had to promise to vote for him when he grows up. Now, let's find a bank and collect our dough.



That tears it, you idiot, that check has to be endorsed—you know none of us can write!

Don't worry, ma, that kid is still in rifle range, I'll get him!

Oh, shoot, he got away!



# POPPA IS MAFIA..

Script by Allan Gascoigne

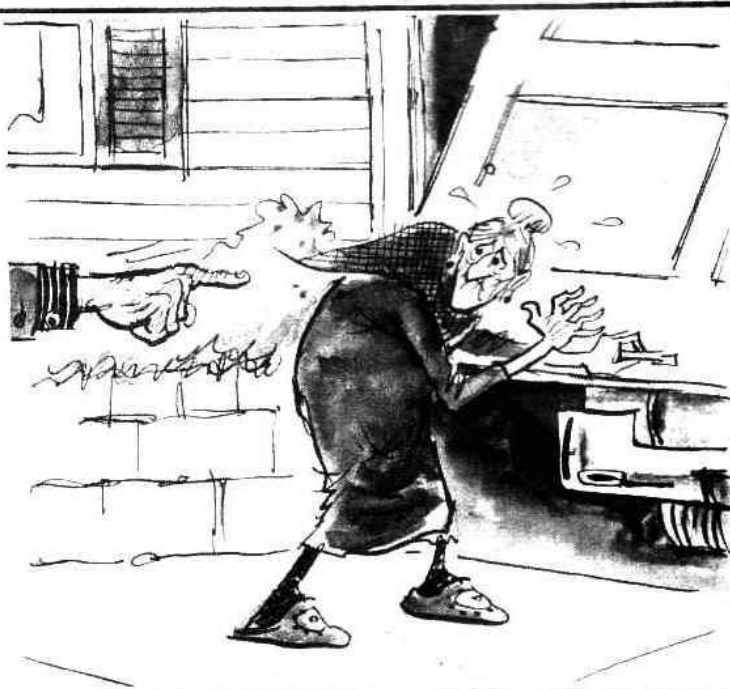
Art by Don Orehek



Poppa is Mafia if he makes the waiter taste the wine first.



Poppa is Mafia if he orders a hundred pounds of cement over the phone at two o'clock in the morning.



Poppa is Mafia if he makes momma start the car every morning.



Poppa is Mafia if he checks into a hotel and immediately starts looking behind the pictures.



Poppa is Mafia if he immediately drops to the floor every time a car backfires.



Poppa is Mafia if he brings home fifty pairs of alligator shoes and hides them in the cellar.



Poppa is Mafia if he's the only one in the neighborhood who gets his garbage towed away during a sanitation strike.



Poppa is Mafia if he soaks his Christmas presents in the bathtub before opening them.

## POPPA IS MAFIA...

If he gives out a lot of contracts but never signs one.

If you ask him for a quarter and he tells you the smallest he has is a hundred dollar bill.

If he has a shotgun sling inside his Cadillac.

If his favorite song is "I Cover The Water-front."

If he tells you Robin Hood was a mixed-up English queer.

If he tells you the F.B.I. is Communist infiltrated.



Poppa is Mafia if he calls the Governor by his first name, the Mayor by his nickname, and the Police Chief by some names we can't print.



Poppa is Mafia if he kisses your uncle Louie on the lips after an argument.



Poppa is Mafia if he double-parks in front of the police station and never gets a ticket.



Poppa is Mafia if he always drives around the block three times before he parks in front of the house.



Poppa is Mafia if he makes the mailman leave packages on the lawn for two days before he opens them.

## POPPA IS MAFIA...

If he goes to Kennedy Airport regularly but never gets aboard a plane.

If he has Momma embroider the fifth and sixth amendments on his French cuffs.

If he pays cash for his new Cadillac every year.

If his friends call him "don Alfredo" when his real name is Alfred Benjamin Piccolini.

If he has 700 gallons of Olive Oil in his cellar.

If he talks a lot about "hits" but never goes to the theatre.

If he puts "Union Consultant" on his tax form every year.



Poppa is Mafia if he gets his hair cut in a rented armored car.



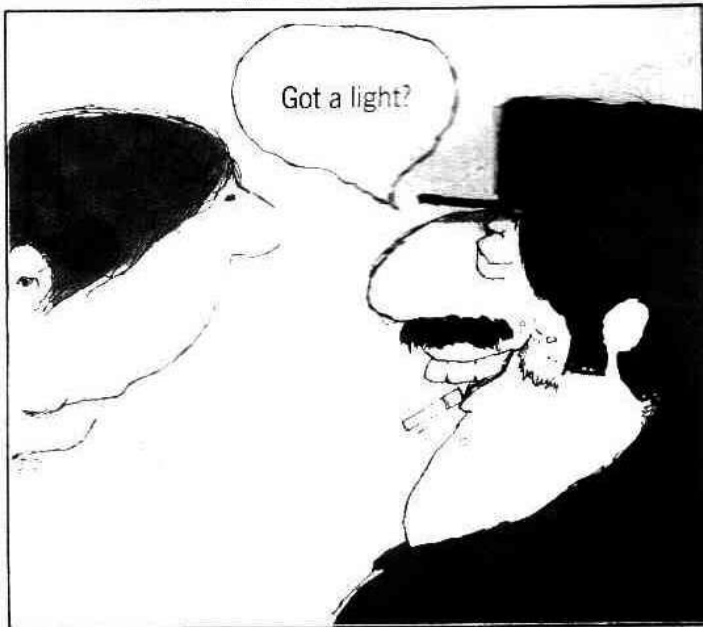
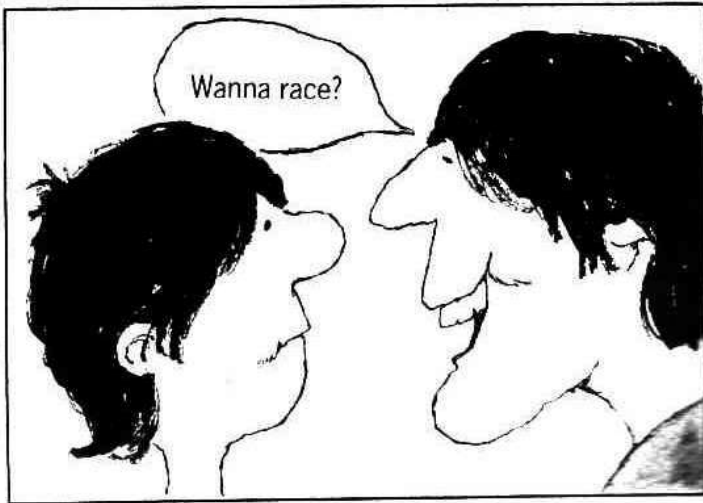
Poppa is Mafia if he dips his chap stick in Anisette.

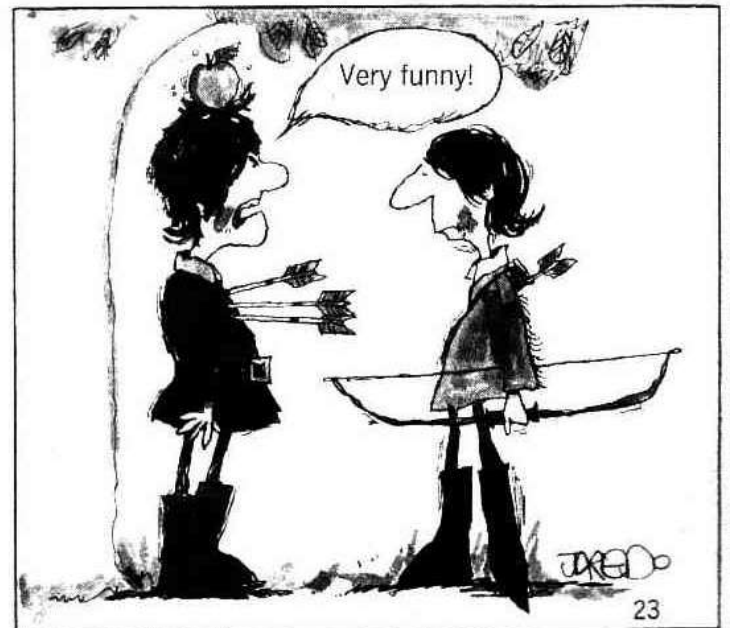
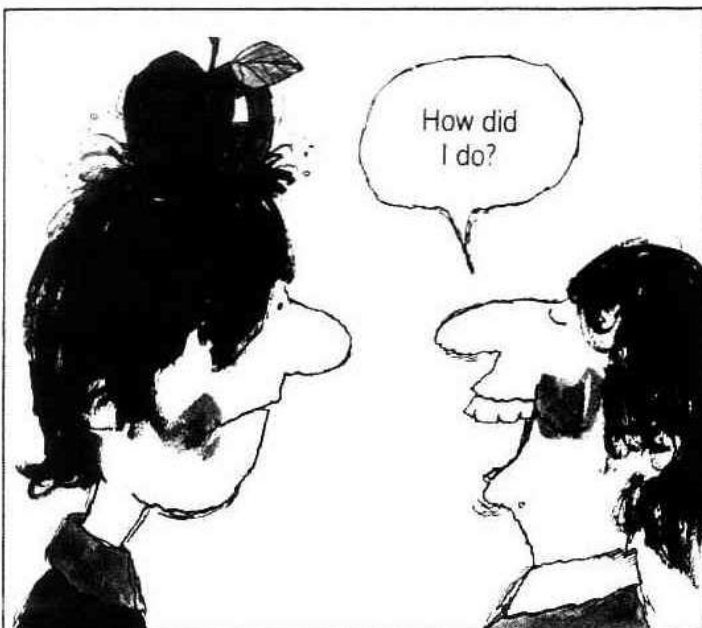


Poppa is Mafia if he wears sunglasses and a false moustache to his nephew's wedding.

# VERY FUNNIES

by Jared Lee





## TRAVEL

Subways the world over seem to be a prime attraction for tourists, but the underground systems vary widely in different countries. As a public service, we offer for the innocent vacationer — — —

# The World Subway Guide

Script by Art Paul

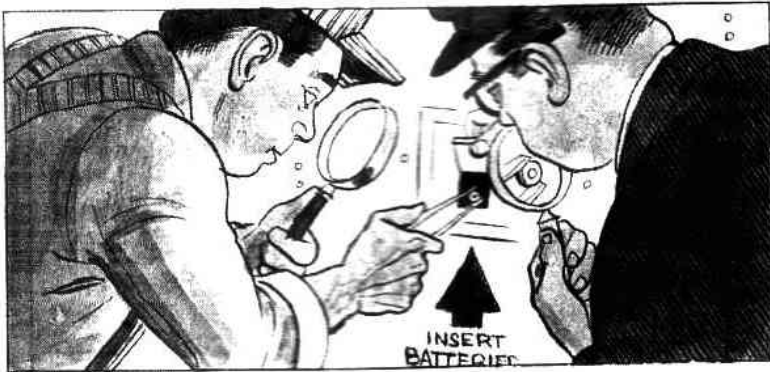
Art by Al Bare



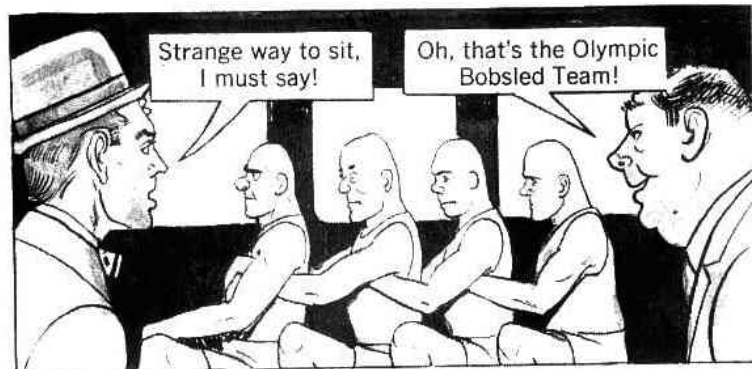
In Tokyo the subway guards are **very** neat. They will never leave a **man's coat tails** hanging out of the **doors**.



The Berlin Subway systems boast the latest innovations.



If a subway train stalls in Tokyo, it can be fixed in a jiffy.



Berlin Subways may seem strange to Americans visiting there.



In Tokyo, the stations are announced over the P.A. system clearly and with excellent diction. In fact, we have imported Japanese announcers for the New York subway system. At least, they sound like Japanese announcers.



In the Moscow subways, you can go from one place to another without even paying for a transfer.



In the Paris subways, the male riders are extremely courteous to women.



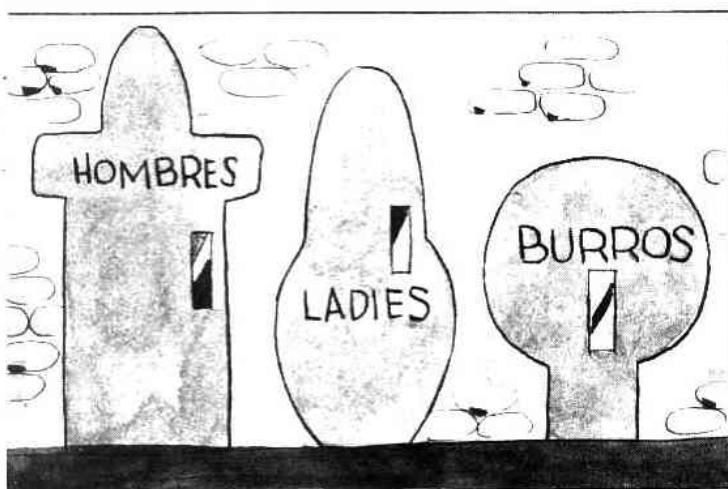
The New York Subway platforms have so many vending machines, there is no room for passengers.



There are no crimes or incidents in the London Underground, as people read a lot.



While it's true that the New York subways are overcrowded, they are working on new improvements.



The New York subways have the most toilet facilities on their platforms, but they're all closed. In Mexico, the service is much better.



In New York it is very difficult to read the subway maps, but it doesn't matter, because wherever you get off, you'll find the same air pollution, dirty streets and muggers.

# THE MAP OF FAMILIAR PHRASES....

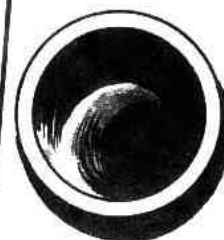
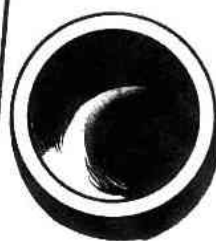
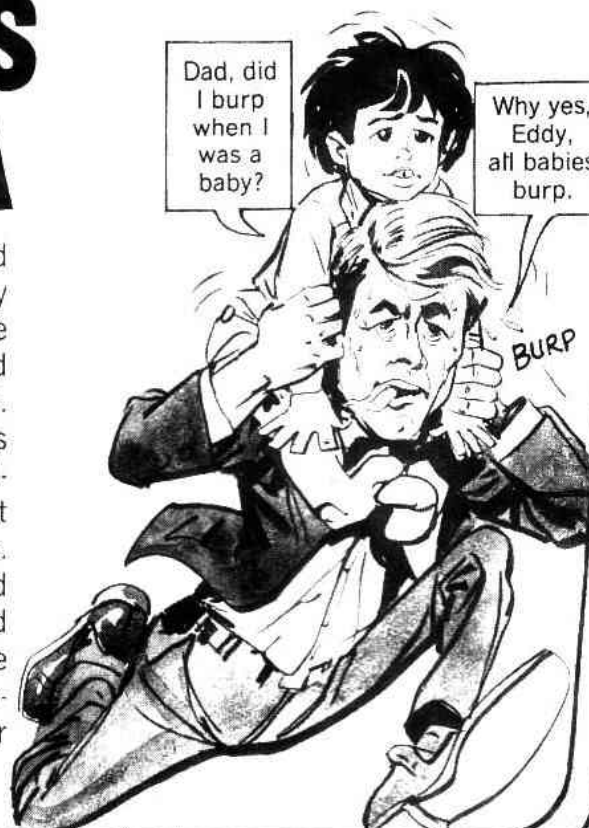


Script by William Garvin



# THE COURTSHIP OF EDDY'S DA-DA

Television has seen the rise and fall of shows galore. The only battle-tested veterans are the many widows, widowers and orphans of TV's vast wasteland. These are not the descendants of deceased television personalities, they are the stars of most of today's situation comedies. From the dear Uncle - turned Father to the Orphan-turned Fatherless, we now see the rise of another phase—the motherless child with a pal for a Father and a maid for a "mother"...





Dad, what is Apple Sauce?

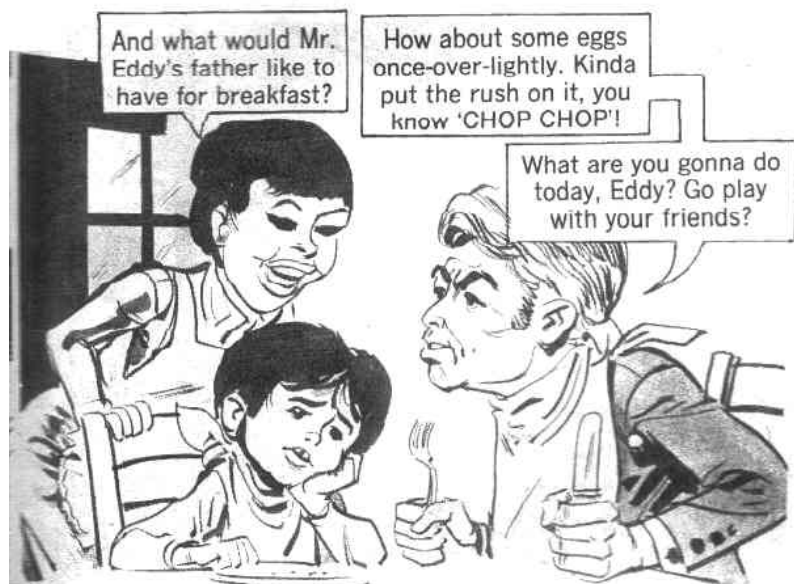
Why, Eddy I believe that's something you put on your plate that you don't eat!



Dad, what is...

Shut up, Eddy!

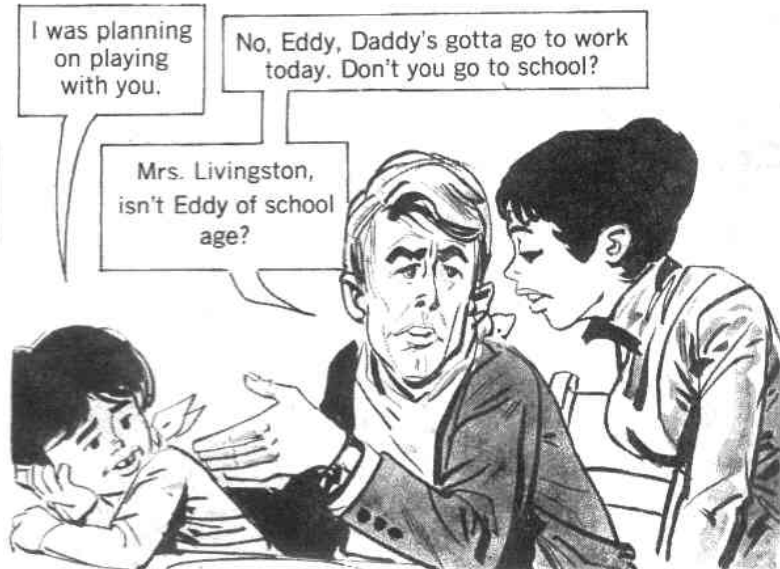
Remember what daddy said he does for a Living? Well it's not true; I'm really a detective, and my mission for today is to follow that suspicious looking lady. You know the way home.



And what would Mr. Eddy's father like to have for breakfast?

How about some eggs once-over-lightly. Kinda put the rush on it, you know 'CHOP CHOP'!

What are you gonna do today, Eddy? Go play with your friends?



I was planning on playing with you.

No, Eddy, Daddy's gotta go to work today. Don't you go to school?

Mrs. Livingston, isn't Eddy of school age?



What - Is - School?

That's what you get for hiring an immigrant!

How old are you Eddy?

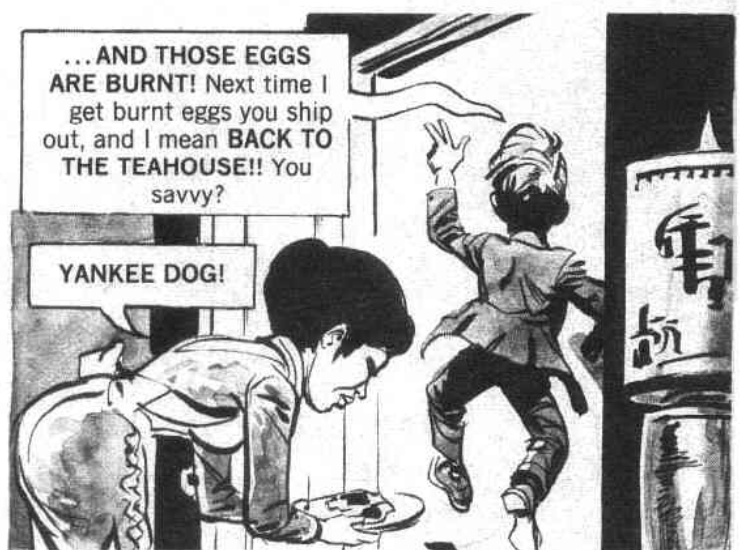
I'm 22...



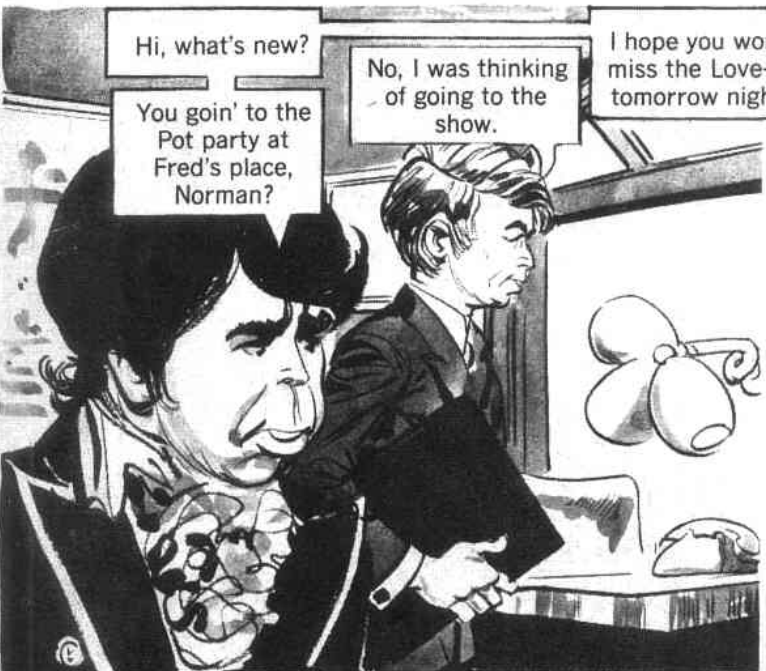
That's a relief, you won't have to start school for at least a couple of years.

Oh, ah, Eddy, you won't mind going over to sleep at your friend's house again will ya?

Why, Dad? Are you gonna play them night games again?



AT the office.





If you feel that way about him why don't you get rid of him?

I can't it's the Mafia's off season. Besides I couldn't survive the ratings without him. the TV audience is a born sucker for a cute kid who speaks fluent CORN!

After work at home.



Hello, Mr. Eddy's father. I see you have worked very hard today.

What's it to you! You wanta walk on my back?

Old Japanese saying say, Man who work hard all day and still have a sense of humor...



How do you TURN OFF, Rose? I don't have the strength to live through another hour-long Japanese saying.

Perhaps Mr. Eddy's Father would like to know I have photo of Mr. Eddy's father making out with wife of his boss!



What WAS THAT, MRS. LIVINGSTON?

Perhaps raise is slightly overdue.



Perhaps a little old age security not too bad either!

What else do you want, Tokyo Rose?



Old Japanese saying, "I DO!"

GOODY GOODY, I got a mommy!

Art by Al Kaufman  
Script by Ron Hemberger

# CLASS



Class is buying a 45-pound pumpkin on the day before Halloween...just to roast the seeds.



Class is tearing the fourth leaf off a clover to show the world you're above it all.



Class is having a postage meter that puts your initials next to the stamp.



Class is having Ralph Nader to supper when you're serving Chicken Kiev.



Class is buying branch water for your rubber tree plant.



Class is going to Arthur Murray to show them a few new steps.



Class is paying for your speed reading course with a Gutenberg Bible.

stevenloj



Class is eating alphabet soup  
...without looking for your  
initials.



Class is attending Tricia Nixon's  
White House dance in a  
tuxedo and sneakers.



Class is having a food taster  
for your Venus flytrap.



Class is going mod by wear-  
ing your kid brother's Mickey  
Mouse watch.



Class is sharing a frozen  
custard with your pet  
cheetah.



Class is winning a Cadillac  
at a raffle, then donating it  
to the Ford Foundation.



Class is having a monogram-  
med ball-point that actually  
writes.



Class is filling a Chivas Regal  
bottle with the cheap stuff.  
But only to fool your maid.



Class is reading Time maga-  
zine, hidden away in a cover  
from Sick.

# YOU'VE LOST YOUR CLASS---



When you finally realize you've lived a dull life, and it just happens to be on your 98th birthday.



When someone you met at a party tells you, you remind him of someone he works with, and later you find out he does a comic routine with a monkey.



When you've got an itch at the wrong place at the wrong time.



When you finally discover that Gina Lollobrigida is an Italian movie star, and NOT a hot spicy Italian dish... as you had thought.



When you've thought all your life that Beethoven's Fifth is a bottle of gin.



When you force yourself to stay up and see the end of a Doris Day movie.

AL KAPLAN



When you write a dirty, filthy sex novel to get a reputation and it's approved by GOOD HOUSEKEEPING.



When you make your first visit to a nudist colony, and they tell you to put your clothes BACK ON.



When you're on your first 'trip' and it turns into a bad scene as all you see is weird visions of your mother-in-law.



When you find out the girl you married for her money married you for the same reason.



When someone buys you an electric blanket instead of that life subscription of "Wild Woman Magazine", that you hoped for.



When the only way you get your thrills is reading the "Doctors Medical Handbook", with a wide imagination.




When you sit watching "BOZO THE CLOWN" on TV with your 5 year old nephew, and you know you're missing "LIFE IN THE RAW" starring that new smash SEX symbol on the other channel.

With protest marches and demonstrations becoming more and more organized and complex, it figures that somebody will have to lay down some rules of behavior to keep things from getting chaotic. And who is more qualified to do this than Abbie Hoffman? So, like, here is . . .

# ABBIE HOFFMAN'S CHARM SCHOOL

Script by Paul Laikin

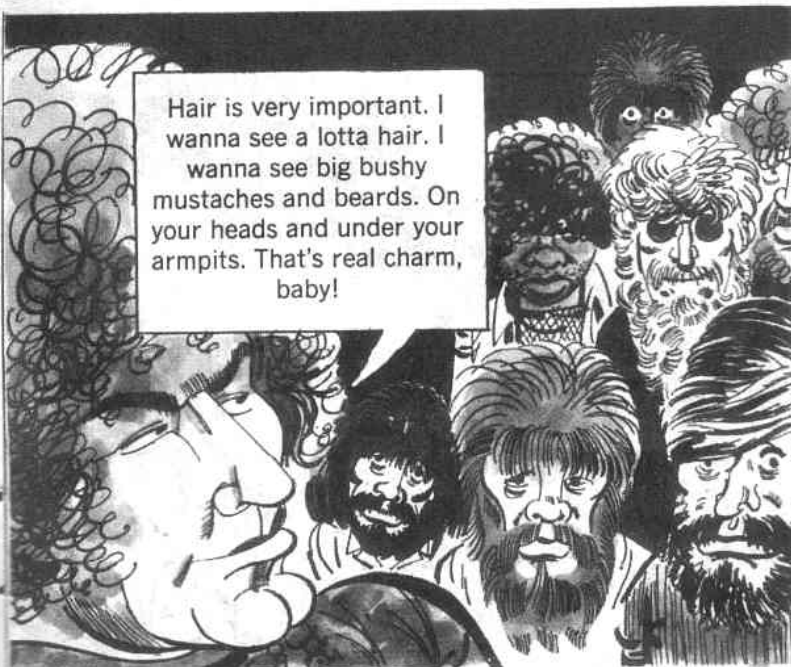
Art by Jerry Grandenetti



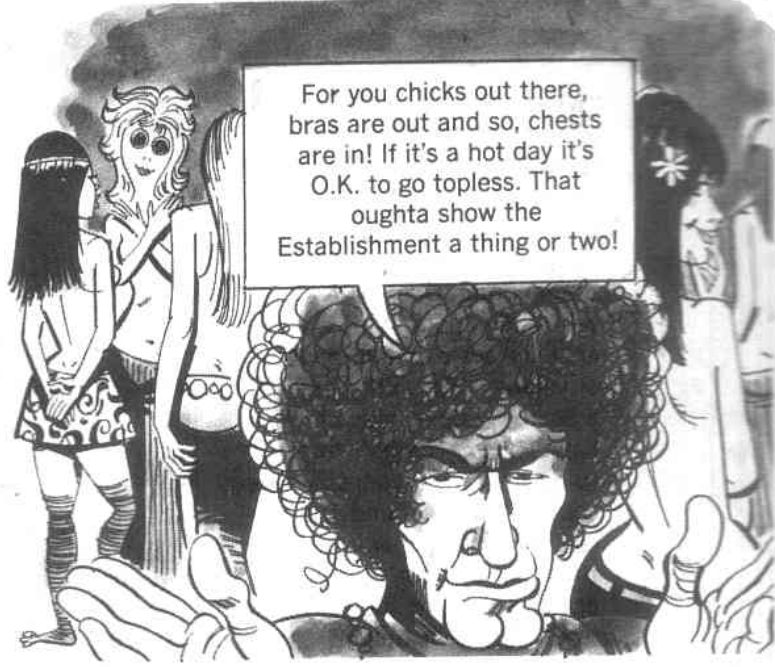
O.K. now, cool it, everybody. We're here to lay down some rules of etiquette for our Demonstrations. I mean, like, because we're getting a lot of TV coverage, we gotta use it to our advantage, right?

Now the first thing is what to wear. Man, wear anything you like except an American flag. Not that you can't wear one on the street or in your pad. But not on a Protest March or the TV camera will black you out! Take it from me, if we all wear American flags the TV screen will just be a test pattern. And we want full coverage, so cool it!


If you must wear a flag, make it a Japanese flag. Or a Turkish flag. Lichtenstein flags are very big this year. Only lay off the Nazi flag. Jerry Rubin is wearing that!




Hair is very important. I wanna see a lotta hair. I wanna see big bushy mustaches and beards. On your heads and under your armpits. That's real charm, baby!




For you chicks out there, bras are out and so, chests are in! If it's a hot day it's O.K. to go topless. That oughta show the Establishment a thing or two!




Bell-shaped bottoms are groovy looking—for those of you whose bottoms are shaped like bells, that is. Man, for Sit-Ins they're the living end!



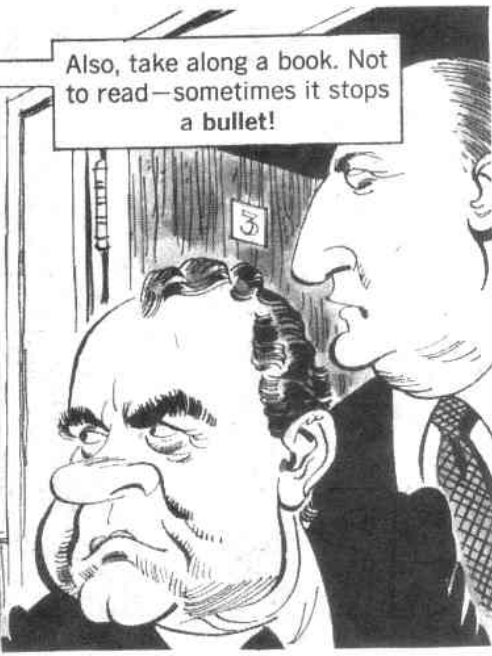
Other groovy things you can wear are Army blankets, sleeping bags and kitchen curtains. Bathroom rugs really make it when the weather is cold!




Likewise, white tablecloths are real groovy for formal occasions like burning buildings!



What you bring along is also important. Always take an extra change of clothing as some of these Demonstrations last six months.



Also, take along a book. Not to read—sometimes it stops a bullet!



Like now, let's look at some slides of former Demonstrations to see how we can improve on them. O.K., Spiro, roll 'em . . .

"What you yell at the pigs is important. No more four-letter words. Remember, you're on TV and they'll bloop you out. We must use different kinds of obscenities suited to the medium. Obscenities that will really shock the TV viewer. Like, for example, instead of yelling, "You filthy pig!" at a State Trooper, we yell "You have bad breath!" Another thing you can scream at a blue coat is "Ring around the collar!" Now certain words really turn 'em on like **fungus** . . . **eczema** . . . and the real winner . . . **midriff bulge!**"



"No matter what you shout though, speak out clearly. Don't slur your words. Remember, you're being picked up live on a sound track. And don't even worry if the mikes are off. There are plenty of lip readers out there!"

"The signs you carry should be big and prominent and easy to read. No sloppy lettering. No funny layouts. No big words. Just lay it in there, right? Remember, we're dealing with a 12-year old mentality. And don't forget to hold your signs with the hand that's away from the camera. I mean, like, even 12-year olds can read!"





"Bombs are out this year. Folks just don't have a sense of humor about them anymore. So, we gotta bug the Establishment in different ways. What we gotta do is put down the American way of life. Destroy the image, right? Like we're now trying to trap Doris Day in a compromising position with Leroi Jones! We're also working on a project to prove that drinking milk causes cancer! And the one I'm involved in—trying to show that Mrs. Spiro Agnew is really a male transvestite!"

"Throwing rocks is also out this year. They don't dig that jazz anymore. The same goes for beer bottles, Molotov cocktails and Clorox jars. Makes 'em get mad and they start retaliating. What we gotta throw is something like, deadly. Are you ready for this? **Garbage!** Man, like, garbage is real groovy. The only thing though, chances are you won't find much garbage on the spot, so what you have to do is bring your own. Just empty your refrigerators before you start out!"



"One important thing about garbage—since TV is covering all this, we can't just throw any kind of garbage. We gotta throw **colorful** garbage. Like ferinstance, tangerine peels are wild because they're a bright orange. Leftover meat bones are also groovy, if they are a nice brown. Likewise, with grapefruit skins you get a crazy yellow. Only lay off egg shells as they're too white, and coffee grinds which are too black. Remember, we play to color TV!"

"As far as weapons are concerned, don't bring any. Remember, we're a peaceful group. And we'll stomp anyone who says differently! But if it gets rough and you feel you have to protect yourself, use whatever you have on hand. For example, if a pig attacks you, flog him with your hair! Whip him with your love beads! Choke him with your headband!



The grooviest weapon though, is your entire body. What you do is gas him with your **smell**! Don't forget the golden rule—nobody takes a bath or shower for two months before a Demonstration. The pigs are less likely to come near you then!"

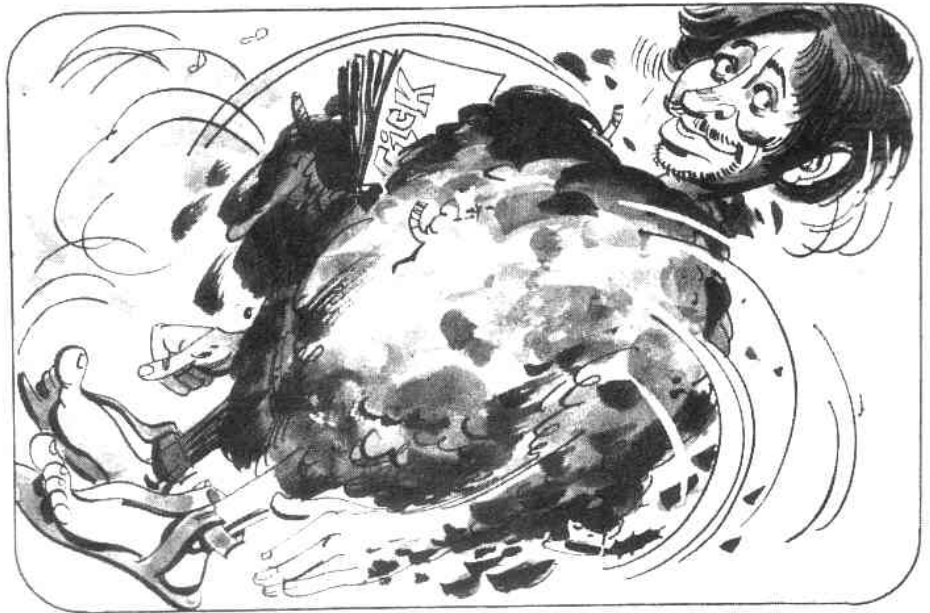
"In this game, you gotta fight fire with fire. If they start throwing tear gas, you give 'em a whiff of your armpits. If they clobber you with their clubs, you konk 'em with your drug bags. If they spit in your face, you shpritz 'em with the grass you're smoking. Our motto is: an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth and a shpritz for a shpritz!"






"Now comes the question of staging a riot. Up till now, riots have been done haphazardly, with no regard for TV pacing. So, Man, we're changing all that. We're gonna really **stage** our riots. To do this, we're bringing in Gower Champion. He staged Hello Dolly and look how long **that's** been running! We're also talking to Leonard Bernstein about doing a few songs. Something to jazz it up. I mean, like, when people leave our marches they should be humming some of the tunes!"

"Also 'in' this year are symbolic rituals. You may recall how some of us commemorated Earth Day recently. They put dirt all over their bodies, rolled themselves up into a ball and blew themselves up! Now that's what I call groovy. I mean, we gotta come up with symbolic gestures like that for the Sunday supplements!"



"What we're trying to do is create an entirely new society. In our society, everybody will have a voice. Everybody will be treated equally. Everybody will have the right to be heard. And if we find anyone who disagrees with those basic beliefs, we'll destroy him!"



That about wraps it up.  
Are there any questions?

What's your feeling about  
the bombs they're putting  
in movie houses today?


Hollywood's been putting  
out bombs for years and  
no one's complained, so  
why now?

When you burn down a  
building should you use  
your left hand or your  
right hand?


Neither, use  
a match!

Who's that fat ugly chick  
you're seen around with  
lately?

Mind your business, Man,  
that's my bag!




O.K., that about does it  
for now. The last thing I  
wanted to show you was  
what to do when the pigs  
start closing in on you.



When they do this, you  
all get together as one  
gigantic group . . . as one  
huge protective body . . .  
as one massive  
disciplined unit, and . . .

**RUN LIKE  
HELL BABY**

When they start  
closing in, it's every man  
for himself!

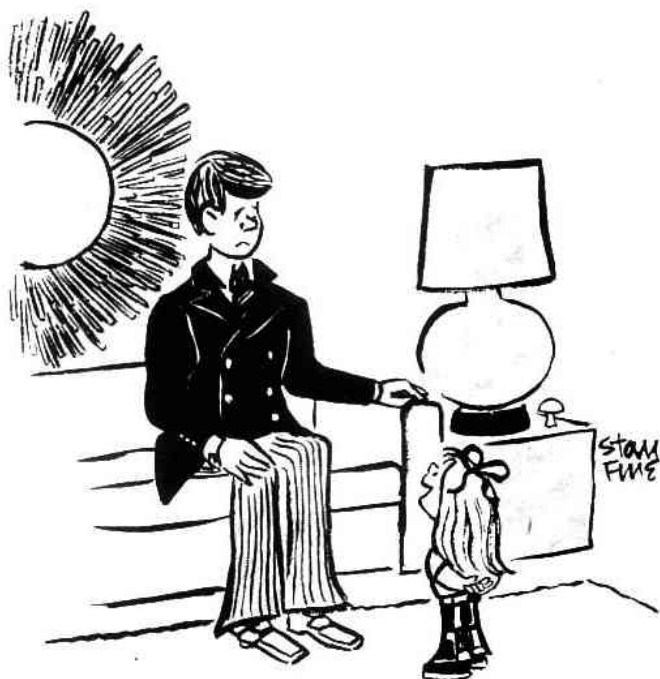


For the time and place  
of our next meeting, call  
my agent at the William  
Morris Agency.

# TEEN POWER



*"Your reputation as a babysitter gets around!"*



*"My sister, Lois, said to entertain you...  
Want a kiss?"*



*"Mother, it's time I learned how to  
unfreeze a meal!"*



"Guess who?"



"If my parents like them, can I bring them back?"



"But he asked me to the movies, and I don't know him well enough to wear my glasses!"



"He's very good-looking when a girl needs help in math!"



"Don't let him notice that you notice that he's not noticing you!"



"Where've you been, Mark? Hope has just about chewed off her fingernails waiting for you to call!"



"Dad, have you seen the volume control knob on my record player?"



"Aren't you a little premature?"

# SICK ON

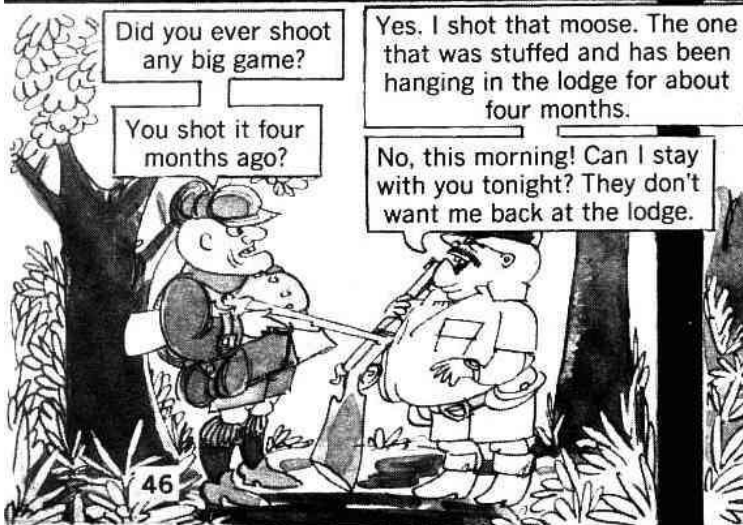
## ASKING DIRECTIONS



## GOING TO THE MOVIES



## BIG GAME HUNTING



# HOLIDAY

Art by Arnold Franchioni

I'll show you the way. I know a short cut through this alley.



**ALCRUM HOTEL**



The Alcrum Hotel? Sure, I know it well. Hop in, Mac, it's about a two dollar ride.



Three dollars? That's outrageous!

You think that's outrageous? Wait until you see the movie!

ADMISS. ON \$3



They don't have any popcorn. Shall we go to another movie?



When's the scary part?

That was outside when I heard the admission price.



What's that animal?

It's a man-eating tiger!

Gee, I'm glad I'm a woman!



Hey, man! Now that's what I call hip!



# I VISITED WOMAN'S LIBERATION







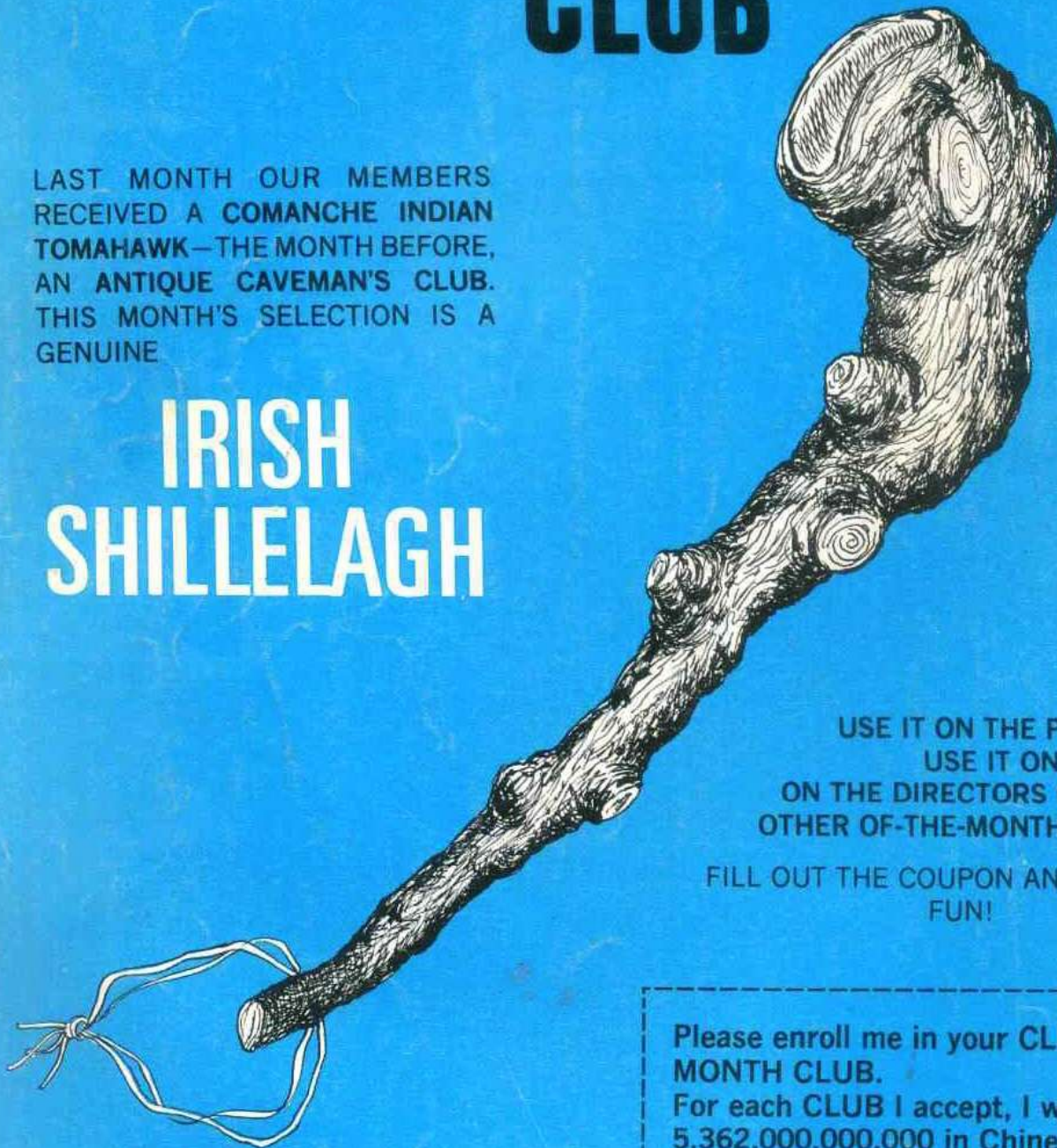
## A SICK MAGAZINE HANG-UP

**T** IRED OF THE BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB? BORED WITH THE GIFT-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB? FED UP WITH THE FRUIT-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB? IF SO, YOU'LL BE THRILLED TO HEAR ABOUT THE NEWEST OF-THE-MONTH TYPE CLUB—THE FINAL WORD IN CLUBMANSHIP - - THE - -

# CLUB-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB

LAST MONTH OUR MEMBERS RECEIVED A COMANCHE INDIAN TOMAHAWK—THE MONTH BEFORE, AN ANTIQUE CAVEMAN'S CLUB. THIS MONTH'S SELECTION IS A GENUINE

## IRISH SHILLELAGH



USE IT ON THE PEACE MARCH!  
USE IT ON FLIES! USE IT  
ON THE DIRECTORS OF ALL THOSE  
OTHER OF-THE-MONTH TYPE CLUBS!

FILL OUT THE COUPON AND JOIN THE  
FUN!

Please enroll me in your CLUB-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB.

For each CLUB I accept, I will send you 5,362,000,000,000 in Chinese yen.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

STRAIGHTJACKET SIZE \_\_\_\_\_

SOLID OAK—NATURAL FINISH—  
GUARANTEED UNBREAKABLE